



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND DURING THE FIRST MONTHS OF THE WAR

When the present European War began I had, during several weeks, been staying near a large village in Surrey, situated about twenty miles from London on the main road to Portsmouth. Early in June I had motored up to London by this road, which runs through Esher and Kingston to Putney, where it crosses the Thames. The adjacent country all the way, being really suburban, is one of the most densely inhabited parts of England; but the traffic pouring over the road north and south is only in a measure local; for most persons travelling by motor car from as far afield as West Sussex or East Hampshire enter London by this highway. From morning to noon, from noon to night, there rolls over it an almost unbroken procession of cars of all sizes, models, and colors. On the occasion of my journey the number which I noted had never before seemed to me to be so great; but, extraordinary as the extent of this rush was, it appeared to shrink into triviality in comparison with what confronted me so soon as I crossed Putney Bridge and entered the outskirts of the metropolis itself. I had, during many successive years, visited London in June, when the season was at its flood; and on each return to the town I thought I could detect a very sensible increase in the volume of its human tide, in the multitude of its vehicles, and in the splendor of its display of wealth and fashion. More and more it appeared to be becoming the social centre of the globe, as it had long been the financial centre,—the world's capital in every sense of the word except the political.

But if I had been impressed before with London,—the vastness of its population, the boundlessness of its riches, the inexhaustible variety of its cosmopolitan aspects,—never was I so much impressed as I was at the time of this visit a few weeks before the war broke out. Not only was there a wholly unexampled torrent of human beings pouring along the sidewalks,—more particularly in the fashionable club, shopping, and residential areas,—but the jam of vehicles of every imaginable sort

in the road-beds surpassed anything of the same kind that I had ever seen even in London. In Knightsbridge, in Bond, Regent, Oxford, and St. James's Streets, in Piccadilly and Pall Mall,—to name only the central parts of the town,—there was an endless procession of taxicabs, motor-busses, private cars, and carriages. At a short distance it looked as if the streets were really gorged with people as well as with vehicles,—indeed so choked with the multitude of both as to have the aspect of a hopeless blockade. To this roaring, bewildering crush of foot passengers and conveyances there was to be added the interminable array of shops filled with the most extraordinary variety of goods. It appeared as though half the wealth of all mankind was on exhibition in these shops in the form of every article of value, natural or artificial, to be found either in the bowels or the workshops of the globe. Such a Vanity Fair not even the perfervid imagination of Bunyan could have conceived.

But it was in Hyde Park that all this overpowering exuberance of humanity, this incalculable wealth in every shape, found its most brilliant and refined expression. The double lines of glittering and luxurious motor-cars and carriages, with servants in varied liveries, that filled the driveways; the galloping cavalcades under the thick foliage of Rotten Row; the strolling or seated concourse of fashionably dressed loungers on the walkways,—all this, set conspicuously against a background of velvety turf, groups of flowering shrubs, and noble trees, formed a scene never to be forgotten by me for its splendid animation and for its picturesque beauty.

Barely forty-eight hours after England declared war I visited London a second time. I travelled as before by motor-car, and over the same road. A more remarkable contrast with what I had seen in June it was not possible for me to recall. In the run of twenty miles that brought me to the bridge over the Thames at Putney I did not observe five cars where a few weeks earlier I had seen several thousand, one following closely another; indeed, excepting a few carts of the most ordinary sort, there were no vehicles of any kind passing along the broad highway. An air of desertion, with its attendant stillness, had fallen over the land, just as if the inhabitants had for the hour been

awed into complete stagnation and silence by the sudden and unexpected calamity which had come upon them when they were drawn, in opposition to their own feelings, into the full sweep of the Continental storm. It was in fact as if all their activities had abruptly subsided into a state of breathless consciousness of the terrible crisis which had been precipitated, without any fault of theirs, upon their peace-loving and peace-seeking country. The profound quiet which prevailed was as ominous as that awful stillness which always precedes the bursting of the hurricane in the Tropics. Not only had motor-cars and carriages vanished, but few people were to be seen. A small and anxious group at a village street crossing; a groom in front of a public house; a woman at a window; a carter on the road,—these were the only figures I observed. The reach of the Thames as Kingston is approached, ordinarily alive with punts, launches, and barges, was now quite deserted. The boats were tied up to the bank; the watermen were gone. The high street of Kingston, usually so bustling, was almost forsaken. It was as though Sunday had returned, not at the end, but in the middle of the week, to put an abrupt stop to secular business. As for London, from Putney Bridge to Trafalgar Square, it was not recognizable except from the mere physical point of view. None of the landmarks had undergone a change; the solid, stately buildings, the long, winding thoroughfares, the noble parks,—they were all there in their familiar aspects; but the scene as a whole had suffered a perceptible alteration. What had become of the people and the vehicles? The vast but orderly movement, the almost bewildering variety of objects, the kaleidoscopic combinations of color,—whither had they vanished? It is true that there were still passers-by on the sidewalks, still vehicles in the street-beds, and still loungers and cavaliers in the Park; but that mighty Amazon of life, with its ten thousand irresistible currents, had subsided to what in contrast was an impoverished stream. The overwhelming torrent of human beings, the really appalling crush of taxicabs, motorcars, motor-busses, carriages, drays, and vans, had quite disappeared. It was London of infinite tumultuous movement and sound no more. There as in the country, though

to a different degree, comparative paralysis had followed the most phenomenal activity. Where there had been a roar that recalled the breaking of heavy waves on the ocean beach there was now a partial silence. Here as there the storm of battle seemed to have its forewarning in an unnatural and ominous calm.

As I drove away from London I paused for a few minutes on a hill above the Valley of the Thames that gave me a view over the town almost as far as Greenwich Park. A violent thunder storm was coming up. Over the face of the sky from Blackwall to Mayfair I saw a black cloud drawn, an advancing threatening mass that was constantly illuminated with brilliant flashes of lightning, while I could hear the roll of thunder, which at that distance sounded like the remote reverberation of artillery. The dark spectacle was in strange harmony with the depressing thoughts which London in the first shadow of war had aroused in my mind.

Two months later I visited London for the third time. The central area of the town had in that interval resumed some of the aspects of its old multitudinous animation and movement; but it still offered a sombre contrast with what I had previously found it to be at that season when peace prevailed. The partial arrest of the customary activities could be clearly discerned. It was only too plain that the normal currents had dried up more or less; and that all the ordinary interests had greatly shrunk in volume. But it was equally as plain that there was a new spirit abroad which had usurped the place of the old in the hearts of the people. On every side there were unmistakable indications that London had shaken off the last vestige of its stupefaction during the first hours of the war, and with all the strength and resolution of a giant was now grappling with the conditions which that war had created. The former attitude of hushed self-suppression had vanished; an air of the most determined energy had taken its place.

Here and there on lofty arches and housetops large reflectors have been placed to sweep the sky with search lights at night in order to disclose the expected arrival of hostile aeroplanes and Zeppelins. So soon as darkness approached numerous beams

of soft white light played from the zenith to the horizon, and from the horizon back to the zenith. These beams were constantly crossing each other at all sorts of eccentric angles, and resembled so many transparent, incandescent, elongated fans, that were never long at rest.

An equally conspicuous proof of the belligerent spirit at work was the number of recruits drilling in the open spaces of Hyde Park. That magnificent pleasure-ground, which I had discovered to be so empty at the time of my last visit, was now swarming with large bodies of volunteers. London had responded with eager promptness to Lord Kitchener's call. Its young men of all classes and pursuits had come forward to be enrolled, and were now earnestly employed in the early stages of their training for actual service abroad. Several of the regiments which I saw were made up entirely of young fellows who had but recently left the public schools or the universities. Only a few of the volunteers were as yet dressed in khaki, but all had the air of possessing the basic military qualifications; they were vigorous and manly in frame and resolute in bearing. Drum and fife alone accompanied them as they marched; the long roll of the one instrument and the shrill note of the other were frequently heard; but as the young soldiers stepped proudly along they very often sang in perfect unison the inspiring bars of "Tipperary," which has gone around the world; and the sound of it echoed far beyond the boundaries of the Park.

While these volunteers were thus marching and counter-marching along the broad carriage-ways, or across the green turf of the central fields of the Park, the band of the Guards, assembled in their red coats in the Grand Stand near the Serpentine, were discoursing the national anthems of the Allies. In turn, the Russian, the French, the Belgian, and the English were played; and as each air floated over the circular expanse of seated auditors, persons of that nationality rose and bared their heads. It appeared as if there were as many Frenchmen and Belgians in the listening crowd as there were Englishmen. An army of refugees from Belgium and France had by now obtained a safe asylum in London. What a multitude of them there were was indicated to some degree by the group of men, women, and

children of those countries to be seen among the masses of people who were watching the manœuvres of the recruits. They were easily detected by their alien language, and expressive gesticulations, as well as by their foreign appearance. One frequently observed, too, on the walk-ways of the Park, Belgian and French officers in full uniform. These were probably members of military commissions which had been sent to London by their respective governments.

Another significant indication of war was the number of horses in the care of orderlies picketed on the broad plat of grass in front of Wellington Barracks. Squadrons of cavalymen, with plumed helmets, shining steel breastplates, broad belts, white trousers, high boots, and clanking swords, very often went by at a rapid trot. Frequently, too, at a speed only permissible to them, messengers in khaki bearing dispatches passed on their motor cycles on their way to headquarters in London, or to some remote encampment in the country.

The growth in the war spirit was not perceptible in the Park alone. It was reflected everywhere. The colors of the Allies, which now included the Rising Sun of Japan, were grouped along the outer walls of every great block of buildings, suspended over the streets, and attached to all the taxicabs and private motor-cars. Large bodies of regulars were met in Piccadilly, in Oxford Street, and in other thoroughfares of Central London. On the sidewalks, officers off duty were strolling along; nurses in their professional dress, with the red cross on the arm, hurried by. Everywhere the shop windows were full of all sorts of military articles,—guns, gun-cases, cartridge belts, uniforms; contrivances to diminish the hardships of the camp; appliances to relieve the sufferings of the wounded. Calls for recruits were posted upon every vacant board or fence. There was not a taxicab that did not flaunt the like legend; and girls on horseback were seen with flags and belts emblazoned with the same patriotic invocation. At every street corner, news-vendors displayed enormous posters in large green, black, or red type, announcing the latest telegrams from the front.

The signs of war were not so strenuous in the country as in the town, but nevertheless there were many indications of its

existence and progress even there. The large village south of London near which I was passing the summer was not far from Brooklands, one of the most important scenes of aerial practice experiment in England. During many weeks before hostilities began, not a day went by without my seeing a flight of aeroplanes over St. George's Hill. Silhouetted against the delicately colored afternoon sky the vehicles of the atmosphere, as they slowly wheeled in vast circles or darted almost straight down from the loftiest altitudes, could hardly be distinguished in the distance from enormous birds on the wing. Frequently about dawn I was awakened by the sound of an aeroplane flying at a great height overhead; and at a later hour one often passed over me as I sat on the lawn or was strolling through the fields. Sometimes the machine would be moving only a few hundred feet above the ground, and all its parts could be easily distinguished; but generally it was flying at an altitude of several thousand feet, where, against the sunny blue vault, it presented an aspect of ethereal frailness. The buzz of the motor once heard could never again be mistaken for any other sound; and so penetrating was the vibration that it could be clearly recognized at a distance of many miles.

If before the war there was a certain degree of uncanniness about the shape, sound, and movement of these marvelous mechanical birds, that impression was very much increased when they were seen flying towards the North Sea or the Channel to serve as aerial scouts for the British armies and fleets. One knew that very soon they would be circling over the enemy and dropping bombs! At that time of the year there were often enormous banks of dark cloud lazily floating in an otherwise clear sky. Not for a moment did one of these aeroplanes slow up when it came upon such a bank, or endeavor to evade it by rising above or plunging below its level; but dashing into the fleecy folds at the rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour, disappeared from sight, only to emerge at the opposite end, a long distance away. It was as though the aeronaut, in his determination to reach the front in the shortest time possible, would allow no obstacle, however blinding, to deflect him from the straightest course.



During the first stage of the war, for several days at a time the trains on the neighboring railway were given up almost entirely to the transportation of troops. Far into the night the rumble of these trains could be heard as, packed with soldiers, they rushed to the southern ports of England where ships were lying, with steam up, to convey an Expeditionary Force to France. Rumor is always active in such stirring yet secretive moments of national crisis. Somehow a report arose that the British Government had brought to Leith in Scotland from Archangel by sea a large Russian army for service on the Western Front. The most minutely circumstantial description of these troops and their movements was on the lips of everybody, however high or however humble. Soldiers dressed in Muscovite fur caps and overcoats, it was said, had been seen in the great station at Carlisle, or on the landings at Portsmouth; or it was positively asserted that train after train, with the blinds drawn down, but with strange bearded foreign faces peeping from behind them, had been observed following each other on the line to Southampton. I never conversed with anyone who professed to have seen the Russians with his own eyes, but several persons informed me that they had been told of their presence by station-masters who had watched the troops passing southward. Not until the Government formally denied in Parliament that a single Muscovite soldier had been transported to England by the North Cape or by any other route, did the rumor die out and people cease to discuss it with credulity.

Judged by the solemnity of their bearing, the most important body in the Village at this stirring hour were the Boy Scouts. They wore the regulation khaki, and advanced always in military formation. The principal duty which they performed was guarding the main telegraph lines in the vicinity, now altogether indispensable for strategic reasons. It was suspected, on tenable grounds, that there were numerous emissaries of the enemy prowling about, who, if unhindered, would not fail to sever the lines. The Scouts served the purpose of day watchmen; and they played their part in the local drama of war with such zeal and fidelity as to win a general applause. About sunset a troop of these gallant boys, who had been at their posts since morning,

would pass under my window. There was no sign of lassitude in their bearing. Steadily and proudly they kept step as they returned to their homes for the night. No veterans could have marched with a more dignified consciousness of their military importance.

At every corner of the long main street of the village proclamations printed in enormous type calling for recruits were posted up conspicuously. A large complement of young men had promptly responded at the first summons to arms; these had been drafted off to encampments in other parts of England, where they were to be trained before leaving for the front; but there was also a local drill for a very considerable body who could not at that time conveniently give up their employments. These met at appointed hours each week on the village green, where they were put through the primary evolutions by an officer who had volunteered for that service. In the late afternoon, when the work in the fields and shops had come to an end for the day, there would pass me a company of young men formed in military ranks but dressed in their ordinary civilian clothes. They would go by at a swinging pace, keeping step to a tune which all joined in whistling with extraordinary cheeriness.

From time to time, meetings of men beyond the military age were held in the Village in order to stimulate the enlistment of new recruits, and to increase the public interest in the war. The chairman was a retired officer of high rank; and the audience was composed of persons belonging to every grade in the local society, from the Lord of the Manor to the humblest cobbler in the back street. The tone which characterized the discussion was especially notable to a foreigner accustomed to a more expansive and effusive people,—there was not the least excitement, no verbose outpouring of exalted sentiments, no vamping whatever. A perfect calmness in spirit, a remarkable sobriety in language, distinguished the proceedings.

At intervals during the day the extras of the London papers reached the Village. Naturally their arrival was awaited by all with an interest not felt in times of peace; but only on one occasion did I observe any excitement in the bearing of the

citizens; and even then the emotion was so repressed that a stranger could not at the first glance have detected its presence. It was announced in the noon edition of one of the London journals that Admiral Jellicoe had attacked the German Fleet and sunk the greater part of it. When copies of this paper reached the Village they were eagerly bought up and passed from hand to hand; men and women left their doorways and gathered at the street corners to talk over the stupendous news. That there was a deep and universal sense of relief was perceptible enough; but there was no excited expression of it,—not a lonely hurrah, not a single handshake. The navy's success in any engagement that might occur had been confidently expected by all. The course of events had taken precisely the trend anticipated. Why should any one noisily rejoice? In a few hours, it transpired that no battle had been fought or victory won. But this was followed by not the smallest evidence of popular disappointment, by not a single indication of a painful revulsion of strong emotion. It was now simply accepted as true that the original false report was correct anyway to this extent,—that it foreshadowed what was yet to happen with the most positive certainty. The hour alone was deferred and indefinite. There was no vaingloriousness, no cocksureness in this feeling. For centuries England had been mistress of the seas. This indisputable fact was a part of the historical subconsciousness of the people; it was so deeply impressed on the minds of all that it was impossible for them to consider seriously the thought of the possible loss of their naval supremacy.

Early in the course of the war the Germans appeared to be marching irresistibly to Paris. The outlook was alarming and depressing. But even at the very darkest hour I failed to observe any signs of discouragement in the conversation or bearing of my English friends. The history of the Peninsula Campaign was rarely absent from their minds at this hour. Sir John Moore too retreated, but in the end Wellington crossed the Pyrenees and brought the struggle to a close in Paris. From a military point of view, they said, England resembled the United States,—indeed, every country that depends mainly upon a system of volunteers,—she is always weak at the start, but

like a great cumbrous bird rising on wing she gathers strength as she goes. The Expeditionary Force, comparatively small now, will gradually expand to a million,—to two millions,—if necessary, to three millions. No surprise was experienced at the resistive power shown by that Force against odds the most stupendous. Nor was there any display of exultation when the Germans were checked and driven back upon the Marne. The only emotion seemed to be one of disappointment over the failure to convert the retreat into a rout. That the enemy would in France be thrust back across the Rhine was the quiet conviction of all.

The solemnity of the hour was probably more fully reflected in the atmosphere of the village church than around the hearths of the people. The rector had been a distinguished advocate of Universal Peace; indeed, had written a well-known treatise on the subject; and when war began was absent on the Continent as a delegate to an International Peace Conference. It was only by hurrying back that he escaped arrest. An American clergyman, who had attended the same Conference, accompanied him home, and on the first Sunday after arrival occupied the pulpit of his host. In moving terms he gave voice to the sympathy which the mass of his countrymen felt for England plunged against her will into this terrible conflict; and to their profound admiration for the resolute spirit in which she had entered it. For many days this eloquent address was a common topic of conversation, and the quiet gratification which it afforded, uttered as it was in an hour of national danger and uncertainty, was shared by the entire community. The singing of the national anthem which followed deeply stirred every breast; and the Americans present, in listening to that noble strain, found it all the more inspiring because one of their own national hymns was set to the same tune; and this fact seemed to bring home to their minds more clearly than ever their identity in blood and instinct with the congregation around them, although so purely English.

The chimes of this church, which were rung not only twice on Sunday, but at least once during the week, were unusually clear and harmonious. Heard in the late afternoon, as I gazed

from my window across the beautiful meadows of the Mole, or as I strolled along some by-path through the fields, they seemed to me to carry far and wide the benison of the Perfect Peace. After the war began they impressed me in a different way. Knowing as I did that the nations were in arms, and that there was neither Peace nor Goodwill on Earth, those far-reaching notes, rising and falling so softly on the quiet air, had for me the sound of very mournful mockery. They had ceased to be joyful, now that they reminded me so vividly of the sad contrast between the serene Past and the sanguinary and troublous Present.

During the early days of the war there was noticeable in the Village some advance in prices, but on the whole the increase was so moderate, where there was any at all, as to lead to no remark. The harvest of that year had been unusually bountiful. Apart from this fact there was no doubt in the public mind about England's ability to retain control of the sea, which would assure the unbroken importation from abroad of any additional supply of provisions which she might need. There was observable no falling off in the quantity of foodstuffs on hand, although at first there was some disposition on the part of a few householders to accumulate more than their normal stores of flour, sugar, bacon, and the like, in their larders. But this form of selfishness, which was never general, quickly disappeared. There soon became perceptible a shrinkage in quantity, with a resultant rise in price of those sorts of manufactures which before the war had been brought in from Germany and Austria. The apothecary in the Village announced at an early date his inability to procure certain chemical preparations of German origin; but for most of these some English substitute was afterwards found. There was from the beginning a disinclination on the part of the shopkeepers generally to make good the deficiencies of their stocks as they were gradually sold off; but this reluctance arose, not from the difficulty of obtaining the various articles in which they ordinarily dealt, but because customers in all ranks of life were curtailing their expenditures. The number of purchasers fell off at once, and those who did buy limited their outlay.

For a brief period the declaration of war dislocated the entire financial machinery of England. There were branch offices of several of the largest banking corporations of the Kingdom established in the Village, and these were at once responsive to the uncertainties of the situation in London. Gold was of course the usual form of currency in times of peace; no paper note lower than five pounds in value was ever seen. One of the first precautionary measures of the Government was to issue paper notes for one pound and also for ten shillings; these became legal tender; and during several weeks gold almost disappeared from circulation. The Village banks on presentation of cheques paid the amount in paper, with the exception of a very small proportion of the whole, which was paid in silver coin for fractional change. For instance, a cheque for fifty pounds would be cashed in five and one pound notes up to forty-eight pounds, and the remaining two pounds in silver half-crowns and shillings. After the effects of the first shock had subsided, payment of ten per cent of each cheque in gold coin was allowed by law, but depositors were requested to forego this so as to diminish the drain upon the national gold reserve. Having been accustomed in the United States to the "greenback," and confident that the credit of the British Empire, as represented in its promissory notes, rested upon a rock as stable as Gibraltar, I always expressed, when submitting a cheque, a cheerful willingness to receive the entire sum in the form of paper, as the only means in my power, small as it was, to promote the retention and accumulation of gold in the Bank of England; and my sense of humor was quietly titillated by the solemn manner in which the cashier thanked me for my consideration for the public interests in those critical times. I felt very much as one ant among forty odd million in one hill might feel in estimating the relative importance of his work for the benefit of the general community. To the English people about me the descent to paper money, a thing intrinsically without value, seemed to be an unmistakable proof of the stormy waters in which the Ship of State was rocking so dangerously. They regarded the one pound and the ten shilling notes especially with a half-averted eye; but their patriotism was equal to the

sacrifice of giving up the shining gold piece which they could legally claim and taking in its place a piece of paper which creased as readily as a sheet of foolscap, and which, after a brief handling, easily tore apart. The second issue of notes was much better in quality and far more tasteful in appearance than the first; but even these compared very poorly with our American "greenbacks," whether in strength and flexibility of material, or in the artistic perfection of their designs.

After leaving the vicinity of the Surrey village I passed a fortnight in a little town situated in an adjoining county upon the crest of one of those long chalk ridges which rise midway between the North and South Downs. Spread out to every point of the compass before the eye was the celebrated Weald, varied by far sloping hills, deep vales, and masses of woods, and dotted with towns, villages, manor houses, and churches, the whole landscape unsurpassed even in England for its manifold beauty. At the time of my visit there were several large military encampments in the neighborhood of this town. Indeed one of them was situated within its bounds. The surrounding country was highly suitable for military instruction, for it contained many open levels which could be used in the ordinary drill, and also numerous good roads up and down hill especially adapted to hard marching. The high street was at all hours of the day quite overrun with soldiers in khaki. Those off duty amused themselves in different ways,—now gossiping at the corners with their comrades; now curiously gazing at the passers-by; now scanning the goods in the shop windows. Around the blacksmith's forges large groups of cavalry horses patiently waited to be shod, with their heads resting on each others' necks, or quietly champing their bits. Hardly an hour passed that troops, sometimes in companies, sometimes in regiments, did not tramp through the street in course of their daily marching. Now a procession of army wagons, loaded with munitions or foodstuffs, would be seen; now a battery of field artillery covered with dust. In whichever direction from the town my walks led me, I was met by the same sights,—soldiers singly, soldiers in couples, soldiers in companies, soldiers in battalions. Gun carriages drawn by double teams of horses

were coming and going; ponderous military vans rolled along; officers, accompanied by their orderlies, rode by at a trot; messengers on motor-cycles passed; and fast motor-cars whirled the dust into my face. In the distance I could hear the faint strains of military bands that quickened the steps of the troops on parade. The throbbing of the drums floated up on every breeze. Wherever the highway rose to the top of a hill I was able to discern far below groups of white tents standing out sharply against the vivid green background. Several miles intervened between most of the encampments. In the instance of everyone they had been set down on waste land, for the most part overgrown with gorse; and they were laid off on the same plan,—all resembled small towns in their general division into streets and squares, interspersed with hospitals, dispensaries, quartermasters' stores, and shelters for the numerous horses. There were sentinels at nearly every corner, while privates and officers were to be seen everywhere.

The social headquarters of all the encampments had been established in the principal hotel of the town. Under its roof had gathered a large company composed almost entirely of the officers' families, chiefly their mothers and wives, who had come to pass a few days with them before they were ordered to proceed to the front. It was to me a pathetic assemblage of English women, who had so much to lose in the perils that were impending for their beloved ones, and nothing whatever to gain beyond the assurance of the national safety and the possible distinction which husband or son might win in battle. Looking around upon those quiet and refined groups, I thought again and again of the poignant sorrow that might be in store for them when some long list of killed, wounded, and missing should be read by them in a future not now remote. Was their anxiety in the slightest degree tintured by any foreboding as to what might occur to them personally should these gallant men about them be unable to save England from invasion? As I gazed from that eyrie on the down across the noble Weald, unrolled beneath me like a map, what was the uppermost thought in my own mind? It was this,—what would become of those Haunts of Ancient Peace should the foot of the enemy be planted firmly on the shores of England? I could see



it all very plainly from that height—the towns and villages, the stately mansions in their parks, the farm cottages and hedge-rows, the churches and churchyards, nestling amid the green hills and dells, in the shadow of trees that had stood untouched for centuries. What would be the fate of this beautiful land, what would be the fate of these gentle women, should the sea be violated, and the warder be struck down at the gate? There could be but one reply,—it was imprinted in letters of blood and ashes across the plains of Belgium. These women about me knew this as well as I did. Those watchful sailors on the misty reaches of the North Sea, those brave soldiers on the neighboring downs and their comrades everywhere,—these were the only arms which could prevent the devastation of that fair landscape, and the destruction of the peaceful homes that humanized it. They, and they alone, could protect these wives and mothers from the foul outrages that followed the capture of Liège and the burning of Louvain. The most hideous aspect of this war arose more vividly before me in gazing down on those serene countrysides than it had ever done in London, though that vast metropolis and emporium contained such a stupendous quantity of priceless booty for an invading army, and could so easily be converted by cannon and torch into an expanse of ruin such as the world had never looked upon before in all its long history of ruthless demolition. It seemed to me that it would be a more heinous crime to trample these quiet unoffending rural scenes under the hoof than to wave ten thousand firebrands over the mighty city. Somehow in these, its verdant haunts, Peace appeared to me to have a stronger claim to be held sacred than in the roaring streets and the crowded shops of the town.

PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE.

London, England.